first purely unaffected act. She slipped through the door and softly closed it behind her.

Reaching the upper deck, she was relieved to find her father had not returned, and her absence had been unnoticed. For she had resolved to keep De Ferrières's secret to herself from the moment that she had unwittingly discovered it; and to do this and still be able to watch over him without her father's knowledge required some caution. She was conscious of his strange aversion to the unfortunate man, without understanding the reason, but, as she was in the habit of entertaining his caprices more from affectionate tolerance of his weakness than reverence of his judgment, she saw no disloyalty to him in withholding a confidence that might be disloyal to another. "It won't do father any good to know it," she said to herself, "and if it *did* it oughtn't to," she added with triumphant feminine logic. But the impression made upon her by the spectacle she had just witnessed was stronger than any other consideration. The revelation of De Ferrières's secret poverty seemed a chapter from a romance of her own weaving: for a moment it lifted the miserable hero out of the depths of his folly and selfishness. She forgot the weakness of the man in the strength of his dramatic surroundings. It partly satisfied a craving she had felt: it was not exactly the story of the ship as she had dreamed it, but it was an episode in her experience of it that broke its monotony. That she should soon learn, perhaps from De Ferrières's own lips, the true reason of his strange seclusion, and that it involved more than appeared to her now, she never for a moment doubted.

At the end of an hour she again knocked softly at the door, carrying some light nourishment she had prepared for him. He was asleep, but she was astounded to find that in the interval he had managed to dress himself completely in his antiquated finery. It was a momentary shock to the illusion she had been fostering, but she forgot it in the pitiable contrast between his haggard face and his pomatumed hair and beard, the jauntiness of his attire, and the collapse of his invalid figure. When she had satisfied herself that his sleep was natural, she busied herself softly in arranging the miserable apartment. With a few feminine touches she removed the slovenliness of misery and placed the loose material and ostentatious evidences of his work on one side. Finding that he still slept, and knowing the importance of this natural medication, she placed the refreshment she had brought by his side and noiselessly quitted the apartment. Hurrying through the gathering darkness between decks, she once or twice thought that she had heard footsteps, and paused, but, encountering no one, attributed the impression to her overconsciousness. Yet she thought it prudent to go to the galley first, where she lingered a few moments before returning to the cabin. On entering she was a little startled at observing a figure seated at her father's desk, but was relieved at finding it was Mr. Renshaw.

He rose and put aside the book he had idly picked up. "I am afraid I am an intentional intruder this time, Miss Nott. But I found no one here, and I was tempted to look into this shipshape little snuggery. You see the temptation got the better of me."

His voice and smile were so frank and pleasant, so free from his previous restraint, yet still respectful, so youthful, yet manly, that Rosey was affected by them even in her preoccupation. Her eyes brightened and then dropped before his admiring glance. Had she known that the excitement of the last few hours had brought a wonderful charm into her pretty face, had aroused the slumbering life of her half-wakened beauty, she would have been more confused. As it was, she was only glad that the young man should turn out to be "nice." Perhaps he might tell her something about ships; perhaps if she had only known him longer she might, with De Ferrières's permission, have shared her confidence with him, and enlisted his sympathy and assistance. She contented herself with showing this anticipatory gratitude in her face as she begged him, with the timidity of a maiden hostess, to resume his seat.

But Mr. Renshaw seemed to talk only to make her talk, and I am forced to admit that Rosey found this almost as pleasant. It was not long before he was in possession of her simple history from the day of her baby emigration to California to the transfer of her childish life to the old ship, and even of much of the romantic fancies she had woven into her existence there. Whatever ulterior purpose he had in view, he listened as attentively as if her artless chronicle was filled with practical information. Once, when she had paused for breath, he said, gravely, "I must ask you to show me over this wonderful ship some day that I may see it with your eyes."

"But I think you know it already better than I do," said Rosey, with a smile.

Mr. Renshaw's brow clouded slightly. "Ah," he said, with a touch of his former restraint; "and why?"

"Well," said Rosey, timidly, "I thought you went round and touched things in a familiar way, as if you had handled them before."

The young man raised his eyes to Rosey's and kept them there long enough to bring back his gentler expression. "Then, because I found you trying on a very queer bonnet the first day I saw you," he said, mischievously, "I ought to believe you were in the habit of wearing one."

In the first flush of mutual admiration young people are apt to find a laugh quite as significant as a sigh for an expression of sympathetic communion, and this masterstroke of wit convulsed them both. In the midst of it Mr. Nott entered the cabin. But the complacency with which he viewed the evident perfect understanding of the pair was destined to suffer some abatement. Rosey, suddenly conscious that she was in some way participating in ridicule of her father through his unhappy gift, became embarrassed. Mr. Renshaw's restraint returned with the presence of the old man. In vain, at first, Abner Nott strove with profound levity to indicate his comprehension of the situation, and in vain, later, becoming alarmed, he endeavored, with cheerful gravity, to indicate his utter obliviousness of any but a business significance in their tête-à-tête.

"I oughtn't to hev intruded, Rosey," he said, "when you and the gentleman were talkin' of contracts mebbee: but don't mind me. I'm on the fly, anyhow, Rosey dear, havin' to see a man round the corner."

But even the attitude of withdrawing did not prevent the exit of Renshaw to his apartment, and of Rosey to the galley. Left alone in the cabin, Abner Nott felt in the knots and tangles of his beard for a reason. Glancing down at his prodigious boots, which, covered with mud and gravel, strongly emphasized his agricultural origin, and gave him a general appearance of standing on his own broad acres, he was struck with an idea. "It's them boots," he whispered to himself softly, "they somehow don't seem 'xactly to trump or follow suit in this yer cabin; they don't hitch into anythin', but jist slosh round loose, and, so to speak, play it alone. And them young critters nat'rally feels it, and gets out o' the way." Acting upon this instinct with his usual precipitate caution, he at once proceeded to the nearest second-hand shop, and, purchasing a pair of enormous carpet slippers, originally the property of a gouty sea Captain, reappeared with a strong suggestion of newly upholstering the cabin. The improvement, however, was fraught with a portentous circumstance. Mr. Nott's footsteps, which usually announced his approach all over the ship, became stealthy and inaudible.

Meantime Miss Rosey had taken advantage of the absence of her father to visit her patient. To avoid attracting attention she did not take a light, but groped her way to the lower deck and rapped softly at the door. It was instantly opened by De Ferrières. He had apparently appreciated the few changes she had already made in the room, and had himself cleared away the pallet from which he had risen to make two low seats against the wall. Two bits of candle placed on the floor illuminated the beams above, the dressing gown was artistically draped over the solitary chair, and a pile of cushions formed another seat. With elaborate courtesy he handed Miss Rosey to the chair. He looked pale and weak, though the gravity of the attack had evidently passed. Yet he persisted in remaining standing. "If I sit," he explained with a gesture, "I shall again disgrace myself by sleeping in mademoiselle's presence. Yes! I shall sleep—I shall dream—and wake to find her gone!"

More embarrassed by his recovery than when he was lying helplessly before her, she said hesitatingly that she was glad he was better, and that she hoped he liked the broth.

"It was manna from heaven, mademoiselle. See, I have taken it all—every precious drop. What else could I have done for mademoiselle's kindness?"

He showed her the empty bowl. A swift conviction came upon her that the man had been suffering from want of food. The thought restored her self-possession even while it brought the tears to her eyes. "I wish you would let me speak to father—or some one," she said impulsively, and stopped.

A quick and half insane gleam of terror and suspicion lit up his deep eyes. "For what, mademoiselle! For an accident—that is nothing—absolutely nothing, for I am strong and well now—see!" he said, tremblingly. "Or for a whim—for a folly you may say, that they will misunderstand. No, mademoiselle is good, is wise. She will say to herself, 'I understand, my friend Monsieur de Ferrieres for the moment has a secret. He would seem poor, he would take the rôle of artisan, he would shut himself up in these walls—perhaps I may guess why, but it is his secret. I think of it no more.'" He caught her hand in his with a gesture that he would have made one of gallantry, but that in its tremulous intensity became a piteous supplication.

"I have said nothing, and will say nothing, if you wish it," said Rosey, hastily; "but others may find out how you live here. This is not fit work for you. You seem to be a—a gentleman. You ought to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or in a bank," she continued, timidly, vaguely enumerating the prevailing degrees of local gentility.

He dropped her hand. "Ah! does not mademoiselle comprehend that it is *because* I am a gentleman that there is nothing between it and this? Look!" he continued, almost fiercely. "What if I told you it is the lawyer, it is the doctor, it is the banker, that brings me, a gentleman, to this, eh? Ah, bah! What do I say? This is honest, what I do! But the lawyer, the banker, the doctor, what are they?" He shrugged his shoulders, and pacing the apartment with a furtive glance at the half anxious, half frightened girl, suddenly stopped, dragged a small portmanteau from behind the heap of bales and opened it. "Look, mademoiselle," he said, tremulously lifting a handful of worn and soiled letters and papers. "Look—these are the tools of your banker, your lawyer, your doctor. With this the banker will make you poor, the lawyer will prove you a thief, the doctor will swear you are crazy, eh? What shall you call the work of a gentleman—this—" he dragged the pile of cushions forward—"or this?"

To the young girl's observant eyes some of the papers appeared to be of a legal or official character and others like bills of lading, with which she was familiar. Their half-theatrical exhibition reminded her of some play she had seen; they might be the clue to some story, or the mere worthless hoardings of a diseased fancy. Whatever they were, De Ferrières did not apparently care to explain further; indeed, the next moment his manner changed to his old absurd extravagance. "But this is stupid for mademoiselle to hear. What shall we speak of? Ah! what *should* we speak of in mademoiselle's presence?"

"But are not these papers valuable?" asked Rosey, partly to draw her host's thoughts back to their former channel.

"Perhaps." He paused and regarded her fixedly. "Does mademoiselle think so?"

"I don't know," said Rosey. "How should I?"

"Ah! if mademoiselle thought so—if mademoiselle would deign——" He stopped again and placed his hand upon his forehead. "It might be so!" he muttered.

"I must go now," said Rosey hurriedly, rising with an awkward sense of constraint. "Father will wonder where I am."

"I shall explain. I will accompany you, mademoiselle."

"No, no," said Rosey, quickly; "he must not know I have been here!" She stopped. The honest blush flew to her check, and then returned again, because she had blushed.

De Ferrières gazed at her with an exalted look. Then drawing himself to his full height, he said, with an exaggerated and indescribable gesture, "Go, my child, go. Tell your father that you have been alone and unprotected in the abode of poverty and suffering, but—that it was in the presence of Armand de Ferrières."

He threw open the door with a bow that nearly swept the ground, but did not again offer to take her hand. At once impressed and embarrassed at this crowning incongruity, her pretty lip trembled between a smile and a cry as she said, "Good night," and slipped away into the darkness.

Erect and grotesque De Ferrières retained the same attitude until the sound of her footsteps was lost, when he slowly began to close the door. But a strong arm arrested it from without, and a large carpeted foot appeared at the bottom of the narrowing opening. The door yielded, and Mr. Nott entered the room.

CHAPTER IV.

With an exclamation and a hurried glance around him, De Ferrières threw himself before the intruder. But, slowly lifting his large hand, and placing it on his lodger's breast, he quietly overbore the sick man's feeble resistance with an impact of power that seemed almost as moral as it was physical. He did not appear to take any notice of the room or its miserable surroundings; indeed, scarcely of the occupant. Still pushing him, with abstracted eyes and immobile face, to the chair that Rosey had just quitted, he made him sit down, and then took up his own position on the pile of cushions opposite. His usually underdone complexion was of watery blueness, but his dull, abstracted glance appeared to exercise a certain dumb, narcotic fascination on his lodger.

"I mout," said Nott, slowly, "hev laid ye out here on sight, without enny warnin', or dropped ye in yer tracks in Montgomery Street, wherever ther was room to work a six-shooter in comf'ably? Johnson of Petaluny—him, ye know, ez had a game eye—fetched Flynn comin' outer meetin' one Sunday, and it was only on account of his wife, and she a second-hand one, so to speak. There was Walker of Contra Costa plugged that young Sacramento chap, whose name I disremember, full o' holes jist ez *he* was sayin' 'Good by' to his darter. I mout hev done all this, if it had settled things to please me. For while you and Flynn and that Sacramento chap ez all about the same sort o' men, Rosey's a different kind from their sort o' women."

"Mademoiselle is an angel!" said De Ferrières, suddenly rising, with an excess of extravagance. "A saint! Look! I cram the lie, ha! down his throat who challenges it."

"Ef by mam'selle ye mean my Rosey," said Nott, quietly laying his powerful hands on De Ferrières's shoulders, and slowly planting him down again upon his chair, "ye're about right, though she aint mam'selle yet. Ez I was sayin', I might hev killed you off hand if I hed thought it would hev been a good thing for Rosey."

"For her? Ah well! Look, I am ready," interrupted De Ferrières, again springing to his feet, and throwing open his coat with both hands. "See! here at my heart—fire!"

"Ez I was sayin'," continued Nott, once more pressing the excited man down in his chair, "I might hev wiped ye out—and mebbe ye wouldn't hev keered—or *you* might hev wiped *me* out, and I mout hev said, 'Thank 'ee,' but I reckon this aint a case for what's comf'able for you and me. It's what's good for *Rosey*. And the thing to kalkilate is, what's to be done."

His small round eyes for the first time rested on De Ferrières's face, and were quickly withdrawn. It was evident that this abstracted look, which had fascinated his lodger, was merely a resolute avoidence of De Ferrières's glance, and it became apparent later that this avoidance was due to a ludicrous appreciation of De Ferrières's attractions.

"And after we've done *that* we must kalkilate what Rosey *is*, and what Rosey wants. P'raps, ye allow, *you* know what Rosey is? P'raps you've seen her prance round in velvet bonnets and white satin slippers, and sich. P'raps you've seen her readin' tracks and v'yges without waitin' to spell a word, or catch her breath. But that ain't the Rosey ez *I* know. It's a little child ez uster crawl in and out the tailboard of a Mizzouri wagon on the alcali pizened plains, where there wasn't another bit of God's mercy on yearth to be seen for miles and miles. It's a little gal as uster hunger and thirst ez quiet and mannerly ez she now eats and drinks in plenty; whose voice was ez steady with Injins yellin' round her nest in the leaves on Sweetwater ez in her purty cabin up yonder. *That's* the gal ez I know! That's the Rosey ez my ole woman puts into my arms one night arter we left Laramie when the fever was high, and sez, 'Abner,' sez she, 'the chariot is swingin' low for me to-night, but thar ain't room in it for her or you to git in or hitch on. Take her and rare her, so we kin all jine on the other shore,' sez she. And I'd knowed the other shore wasn't no Kaliforny. And that night, p'raps, the chariot swung lower than ever before, and my ole woman stepped into it, and left me and Rosey to creep on in the old wagon alone. It's them kind o' things," added Mr. Nott, thoughtfully, "that seem to pint to my killin' you on sight ez the best thing to be done. And yet Rosey might not like it."

He had slipped one of his feet out of his huge carpet slippers, and, as he reached down to put it on again, he added calmly: "And ez to yer marrying *her*, it ain't to be done."

The utterly bewildered expression which transfigured De Ferrières's face at this announcement was unobserved by Nott's averted eyes, nor did he perceive that his listener the next moment straightened his erect figure and adjusted his cravat.

"Ef Rosey," he continued, "hez read in vy'ges and tracks in Eyetalian and French countries of such chaps ez you and kalkilates you're the right kind to tie to, mebbee it mout hev done, if you'd been livin' over thar in a palis, but somehow it don't jibe in over here and agree with a ship—and that ship lying comf'able ashore in San Francisco. You don't seem to suit the climate, you see, and your general gait is likely to stampede the other cattle. Agin," said Nott with an ostentation of looking at his companion, but really gazing on vacancy, "this fixed up, antique style of yours goes better with them ivy-kivered ruins in Rome and Palmyry that Rosey's mixed you up with, than it would yere. I ain't sayin'," he added, as De Ferrières was about to speak, "I ain't sayin' ez that child ain't smitten with ye. It ain't no use to lie and say she don't prefer you to her old father, or young chaps of her own age and kind. I've seed it afor now. I suspicioned it afor I seed her slip out o' this place to-night. Thar! keep your hair on, such ez it is!" he added as De Ferrières attempted a quick deprecatory gesture. "I ain't askin' yer how often she comes here, nor what she sez to you nor you to her. I ain't asked her, and I don't ask you. I'll allow ez you've settled all the preliminaries and bought her the ring and sich; I'm only askin' you now, kalkilatin' you've got all the keerds in your own hand, what you'll take to step out and leave the board?"

The dazed look of De Ferrières might have forced itself even upon Nott's one-idead fatuity, had it not been a part of that gentleman's system to delicately look another way at that moment so as not to embarrass his adversary's calculation. "Pardon," stammered De Ferrières, "but I do not comprehend!" He raised his hand to his head. "I am not well—I am stupid. Ah, mon Dieu!"

"I ain't sayin'," added Nott more gently, "ez you don't feel bad. It's nat'ral. But it ain't business. I'm askin' you," he continued, taking from his breast pocket a large wallet, "how much you'll take in cash now, and the rest next steamer day, to give up Rosey and leave the ship."

De Ferrières staggered to his feet despite Nott's restraining hand. "To leave mademoiselle and leave the ship?" he said huskily, "is it not?"

"In course. Yer can leave things yer jist ez you found 'em when you came, you know," continued Nott, for the first time looking around the miserable apartment. "It's a business job. I'll take the bales back agin, and you kin reckon up what you're out, countin' Rosey and loss o' time."

"He wishes me to go—he has said," repeated De Ferrières to himself thickly.

"Ef you mean *me* when you say *him*, and ez thar ain't any other man around, I reckon you do—yes!"

"And he asks me—he—this man of the feet and the daughter—asks me—De Ferrières—what I will take," continued De Ferrières, buttoning his coat. "No! it is a dream!" He walked stiffly to the corner where his portmanteau lay, lifted it, and, going to the outer door, a cut through the ship's side that communicated with the alley, unlocked it and flung it open to the night. A thick mist like the breath of the ocean flowed into the room.

"You ask me what I shall take to go," he said as he stood on the threshold. "I shall take what *you* cannot give, monsieur, but what I would not keep if I stood here another moment. I take my Honor, monsieur, and—I take my leave!"

For a moment his grotesque figure was outlined in the opening, and then disappeared as if he had dropped into an invisible ocean below. Stupefied and disconcerted at this complete success of his overtures, Abner Nott remained speechless, gazing at the vacant space until a cold influx of the mist recalled him. Then he rose and shuffled quickly to the door.

"Hi! Ferrers! Look yer—Say! Wot's your hurry, pardner?"

But there was no response. The thick mist, which hid the surrounding objects, seemed to deaden all sound also. After a moment's pause he closed the door, but did not lock it, and, retreating to the centre of the room, remained blinking at the two candles and plucking some perplexing problem from his beard. Suddenly an idea seized him. Rosey! Where was she? Perhaps it had been a preconcerted plan, and she had fled with him. Putting out the lights, he stumbled hurriedly through the passage to the gangway above. The cabin door was open; there was the sound of voices—Renshaw's and Rosey's. Mr. Nott felt relieved, but not unembarrassed. He would have avoided his daughter's presence that evening. But even while making this resolution with characteristic infelicity he blundered into the room. Rosey looked up with a slight start; Renshaw's animated face was changed to its former expression of inward discontent.

"You came in so like a ghost, father," said Rosey, with a slight peevishness that was new to her. "And I thought you were in town. Don't go, Mr. Renshaw."

But Mr. Renshaw intimated that he had already trespassed upon Miss Nott's time, and that no doubt her father wanted to talk with her. To his surprise and annoyance, however, Mr. Nott insisted on accompanying him to his room, and, without heeding Renshaw's cold "Good-night," entered and closed the door behind him.

"P'raps," said Mr. Nott, with a troubled air, "you disremember that when you first kem here you asked me if you could hev that 'er loft that the Frenchman had down stairs."

"No, I don't remember it," said Renshaw, almost rudely. "But," he added, after a pause, with the air of one obliged to revive a stale and unpleasant memory, "if I did—what about it?"

"Nuthin', only that you kin hev it to-morrow, ez that 'ere Frenchman is movin' out," responded Nott. "I thought you was sorter keen about it when you first kem."

"Umph! We'll talk about it to-morrow." Something in the look of wearied perplexity with which Mr. Nott was beginning to regard his own *mal apropos* presence, arrested the young man's attention. "What's the reason you didn't sell this old ship long ago, take a decent house in the town, and bring up your daughter like a lady?" he asked with a sudden blunt good humor. But even this implied blasphemy against the habitation he worshipped did not prevent Mr. Nott from his usual misconstruction of the question.

"I reckon now Rosey's got high-flown ideas of livin' in a castle with ruins, eh?" he said cunningly.

"Haven't heard her say," returned Renshaw abruptly. "Good night."

Firmly convinced that Rosey had been unable to conceal from Mr. Renshaw the influence of her dreams of a castellated future with De Ferrières, he regained the cabin. Satisfying himself that his daughter had retired, he sought his own couch. But not to sleep. The figure of De Ferrières standing in the ship side and melting into the outer darkness, haunted him, and compelled him in dreams to rise and follow him through the alleys and byways of the crowded city. Again, it was a part of his morbid suspicion that he now invested the absent man with a potential significance and an unknown power. What deep-laid plans might he not form to possess himself of Rosey, of which he, Abner Nott, would be ignorant? Unchecked by the restraint of a father's roof he would now give full license to his power. "Said he'd take his Honor with him," muttered Abner to himself in the dim watches of the night; "lookin' at that sayin' in its right light, it looks bad."

CHAPTER V.

The elaborately untruthful account which Mr. Nott gave his daughter of De Ferrières's sudden departure was more fortunate than his usual equivocations. While it disappointed and slightly mortified her, it did not seem to her inconsistent with what she already knew of him. "Said his doctor had ordered him to quit town under an hour, owin' to a comin' attack of hay fever, and he had a friend from furrin parts waitin' him at the Springs, Rosey," explained Nott, hesitating between his desire to avoid his daughter's eyes and his wish to observe her countenance.

"Was he worse?—I mean, did he look badly, father?" asked Rosey, thoughtfully.

"I reckon not exackly bad. Kinder looked ez if he mout be worse soon ef he didn't hump hisself."

"Did you see him?—in his room?" asked Rosey anxiously. Upon the answer to this simple question depended the future confidential relations of father and daughter. If her father had himself detected the means by which his lodger existed, she felt that her own obligations to secrecy had been removed. But Mr. Nott's answer disposed of this vain hope. It was a response after his usual fashion to the question he *imagined* she artfully wished to ask, *i. e.* if he had discovered their rendezvous of the previous night. This it was part of his peculiar delicacy to ignore. Yet his reply showed that he was unconscious of the one miserable secret that he might have read easily.

"I was there an hour or so—him and me alone—discussin' trade. I reckon he's got a good thing outer that horse hair, for I see he's got in an invoice o' cushions. I've stored 'em all in the forrard bulkhead until he sends for 'em, ez Mr. Renshaw hez taken the loft."

But although Mr. Renshaw had taken the loft, he did not seem in haste to occupy it. He spent part of the morning in uneasily pacing his room, in occasional sallies into the street, from which he purposelessly returned, and once or twice in distant and furtive contemplation of Rosey at work in the galley. This last observation was not unnoticed by the astute Nott, who at once conceiving that he was nourishing a secret and hopeless passion for Rosey, began to consider whether it was not his duty to warn the young man of her preoccupied affections. But Mr. Renshaw's final disappearance obliged him to withhold his confidence till morning.

This time Mr. Renshaw left the ship with the evident determination of some settled purpose. He walked rapidly until he reached the counting house of Mr. Sleight, where he was at once shown into a private office. In a few moments Mr. Sleight, a brusque but passionless man, joined him.

"Well," said Sleight, closing the door carefully. "What news?"

"None," said Renshaw bluntly. "Look here, Sleight," he added, turning to him suddenly, "Let me out of this game. I don't like it."

"Does that mean you've found nothing?" asked Sleight, sarcastically.

"It means that I haven't looked for anything, and that I don't intend to, without the full knowledge of that d—d fool who owns the ship."

"You've changed your mind since you wrote that letter," said Sleight, coolly, producing from a drawer the note already known to the reader. Renshaw mechanically extended his hand to take it. Mr. Sleight dropped the letter back into the drawer, which he quietly locked. The apparently simple act dyed Mr. Renshaw's cheek with color, but it vanished quickly, and with it any token of his previous embarrassment. He looked at Sleight with the convinced air of a resolute man who had at last taken a disagreeable step but was willing to stand by the consequences.

"I *have* changed my mind," he said coolly. "I found out that it was one thing to go down there as a skilled prospector might go to examine a mine that was to be valued according to his report of the indications, but that it was entirely another thing to go and play the spy in a poor devil's house in order to buy something he didn't know he was selling and wouldn't sell if he did."

"And something that the man *he* bought of didn't think of selling; something *he* himself never paid for, and never expected to buy," sneered Sleight.

"But something that *we* expect to buy from our knowledge of all this, and it is that which makes all the difference."

"But you knew all this before."

"I never saw it in this light before! I never thought of it until I was living there face to face with the old fool I was intending to overreach. I never was *sure* of it until this morning, when he actually turned out one of his lodgers that I might have the very room I required to play off our little game in comfortably. When he did that I made up my mind to drop the whole thing, and I'm here to do it."

"And let somebody else take the responsibility—with the percentage—unless you've also felt it your duty to warn Nott, too," said Sleight, with a sneer.

"You only dare say that to me, Sleight," said Renshaw quietly, "because you have in that drawer an equal evidence of my folly and my confidence; but if you are wise you will not presume too far on either. Let us see how we stand. Through the yarn of a drunken Captain and a mutinous sailor you became aware of an unclaimed shipment of treasure, concealed in an unknown ship that entered this harbor. You are enabled through me to corroborate some facts and identify the ship. You proposed to me, as a speculation, to identify the treasure if possible before you purchased the ship. I accepted the offer without consideration; on consideration I now decline it, but without prejudice or loss to any one but myself. As to your insinuations, I need not remind you that my presence here to-day refutes it. I would not require your permission to make a much better bargain with a goodnatured fool like Nott than I could with you. Or, if I did not care for the business, I could have warned the girl——"

"The girl—what girl?"

Renshaw bit his lip but answered boldly: "The old man's daughter—a poor girl—whom this act would rob as well as her father."

Sleight looked at his companion attentively. "You might have said so at first, and let up on this camp-meetin' exhortation. Well, then—admitting you've got the old man and the girl on the same string, and that you've played it pretty low down in the short time you've been there—I suppose, Dick Renshaw, I've got to see your bluff. Well, how much is it? What's the figure you and she have settled on?"

For an instant Mr. Sleight was in physical danger. But before he had finished speaking Renshaw's quick sense of the ludicrous had so far overcome his first indignation as to enable him to even admire the perfect moral insensibility of his companion. As he arose and walked toward the door, he half wondered that he had ever treated the affair seriously. With a smile he replied:

"Far from bluffing, Sleight, I am throwing my cards on the table. Consider that I've passed out. Let some other man take my hand. Rake down the pot if you like, old man. *I* leave for Sacramento to-night. *Adios!*"

When the door had closed behind him, Mr. Sleight summoned his clerk.

"Is that petition for grading Pontiac street ready?"

"I've seen the largest property holders, sir; they're only waiting for you to sign first." Mr. Sleight paused and then affixed his signature to the paper his clerk laid before him. "Get the other names and send it up at once."

"If Mr. Nott doesn't sign, sir?"

"No matter. He will be assessed all the same." Mr. Sleight took up his hat.

"The Lascar seaman that was here the other day has been wanting to see you, sir. I said you were busy."

Mr. Sleight put down his hat. "Send him up."

Nevertheless, Mr. Sleight sat down and at once abstracted himself so completely as to be apparently in utter oblivion of the man who entered. He was lithe and Indian looking, bearing in dress and manner the careless slouch without the easy frankness of the sailor.

"Well!" said Sleight without looking up.

"I was only waitin' to know of you had any news for me, boss?"

"News?" echoed Sleight, as if absently; "news of what?"

"That matter of the Pontiac we talked about, boss," returned the Lascar with an uneasy servility in the whites of his teeth and eyes.

"Oh," said Sleight, "that's played out. It's a regular fraud. It's an old forecastle yarn, my man, that you can't reel off in the cabin."

The sailor's face darkened.

"The man who was looking into it has thrown the whole thing up. I tell you it's played out!" repeated Sleight, without raising his head.

"It's true, boss—every word," said the Lascar, with an appealing insinuation that seemed to struggle hard with savage earnestness. "You can swear me, boss; I wouldn't lie to a gentleman like you. Your man hasn't half looked, or else—it must be there, or——"

"That's just it," said Sleight slowly; "who's to know that your friends haven't been there already—that seems to have been your style."

"But no one knew it but me, until I told you, I swear to God. I ain't lying, boss, and I ain't drunk. Say—don't give it up, boss. That man of yours likely don't believe it, because he don't know anything about it. I *do*—*I* could find it."

A silence followed. Mr. Sleight remained completely absorbed in his papers for some moments. Then, glancing at the Lascar, he took his pen, wrote a hurried note, folded it, addressed it, and, holding it between his fingers, leaned back in his chair.

"If you choose to take this note to my man he may give it another show. Mind, I don't say that he *will*. He's going to Sacramento to-night, but you could go down there and find him before he starts. He's got a room there, I believe. While you're waiting for him, you might keep your eyes open to satisfy yourself."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the sailor, eagerly endeavoring to catch the eye of his employer. But Mr. Sleight looked straight before him, and he turned to go.

"The Sacramento boat goes at nine," said Mr. Sleight, quietly.

This time their glances met and the Lascar's eye glistened with subtle intelligence. The next moment he was gone, and Mr. Sleight again became absorbed in his papers.

Meanwhile Renshaw was making his way back to the Pontiac with that light-hearted optimism that had characterized his parting with Sleight. It was this quality of his nature, fostered perhaps by the easy civilization in which he moved, that had originally drawn him into relations with the man he just quitted, a quality that had been troubled and darkened by those relations, yet when they were broken at once returned. It consequently did not occur to him that he had only selfishly compromised with the difficulty; it seemed to him enough that he had withdrawn from a compact he thought dishonorable; he was not called upon to betray his partner in that compact merely to benefit others. He had been willing to incur suspicion and loss to reinstate himself in his self-respect, more he could not do without justifying that suspicion. The view taken by Sleight was, after all, that which most business men would take; which even the unbusiness-like Nott would take, which the girl herself might be tempted to listen to. Clearly he could do nothing but abandon the Pontiac and her owner to the fate he could not in honor avert. And even that fate was problematical. It did not follow that the treasure was still concealed in the Pontiac, nor that Nott would be willing to sell her. He would make some excuse to Nott—he smiled to think he would probably be classed in the long line of absconding tenants—he would say good-by to Rosey and leave for Sacramento that night. He ascended the stairs to the gangway with a freer breast than when he first entered the ship.

Mr. Nott was evidently absent, and after a quick glance at the half open cabin door, Renshaw turned toward the galley. But Miss Rosey was not in her accustomed haunt, and with a feeling of disappointment, which seemed inconsistent with so slight a cause, he crossed the deck impatiently and entered his room. He was about to close the door when the prolonged rustle of a trailing skirt in the passage attracted his attention. The sound was so unlike that made by any garment worn by Rosey that he remained motionless, with his hand on the door. The sound approached nearer, and the next moment a white-veiled figure with a trailing skirt slowly swept past the room. Renshaw's pulses halted for an instant in half superstitious awe. As the apparition glided on and vanished in the cabin door he could only see that it was the form of a beautiful and graceful woman—but nothing more. Bewildered and curious, he forgot himself so far as to follow it, and impulsively entered the cabin. The figure turned, uttered a little cry, threw the veil aside, and showed the half troubled, half blushing face of Rosey.

"I—beg—your pardon," stammered Renshaw; "I didn't know it was you."

"I was trying on some things," said Rosey, recovering her composure and pointing to an open trunk that seemed to contain a theatrical wardrobe—"some things father gave me long ago. I wanted to see if there was anything I could use. I thought I was all alone in the ship, but fancying I heard a noise forward I came out to see what it was. I suppose it must have been you."

She raised her clear eyes to his, with a slight touch of womanly reserve that was so incompatable with any vulgar vanity or girlish coquetry that he became the more embarrassed. Her dress, too, of a slightly antique shape, rich but simple, seemed to reveal and accent a certain repose of gentlewomanliness, that he was now willing to believe he had always noticed. Conscious of a superiority in her that seemed to change their relations completely, he alone remained silent, awkward, and embarrassed before the girl who had taken care of his room, and who cooked in the galley! What he had thoughtlessly considered a merely vulgar business intrigue against her stupid father now to his extravagant fancy assumed the proportions of a sacrilege to herself.

"You've had your revenge, Miss Nott, for the fright I once gave you," he said, a little uneasily, "for you quite startled me just now as you passed. I began to think the Pontiac was haunted. I thought you were a ghost. I don't know why such a ghost should *frighten* anybody," he went on with a desperate attempt to recover his position by gallantry. "Let me see—that's Donna Elvira's dress, is it not?"

"I don't think that was the poor woman's name," said Rosey, simply; "she died of yellow fever at New Orleans as Signora somebody."

Her ignorance seemed to Mr. Renshaw so plainly to partake more of the nun than the provincial that he hesitated to explain to her that he meant the heroine of an opera.

"It seems dreadful to put on the poor thing's clothes, don't it?" she added.

Mr. Renshaw's eyes showed so plainly that he thought otherwise, that she drew a little austerely toward the door of her stateroom.

"I must change these things before any one comes," she said, drily.

"That means I must go, I suppose. But couldn't you let me wait here or in the gangway until then, Miss Nott? I am going away to-night, and I mayn't see you again." He had not intended to say this, but it slipped from his embarrassed tongue. She stopped, with her hand on the door.

"You are going away?"

"I—think—I must leave to-night. I have some important business in Sacramento."

She raised her frank eyes to his. The unmistakable look of disappointment that he saw in them gave his heart a sudden throb, and sent the quick blood to his cheeks.

"It's too bad," she said, abstractedly. "Nobody ever seems to stay here long. Capt. Bower promised to tell me all about the ship, and he went away the second week. The photographer left before he finished the picture of the Pontiac. Monsieur de Ferrières has only just gone, and now *you* are going."

"Perhaps, unlike them, I have finished my season of usefulness here," he replied, with a bitterness he would have recalled the next moment. But Rosey, with a faint sigh, saying, "I wont be long," entered the stateroom and closed the door behind her.

Renshaw bit his lip, and pulled at the long silken threads of his moustache until they smarted. Why had he not gone at once? Why was it necessary to say he might not see her again? and if he had said it, why should he add anything more? What was he waiting for now? To endeavor to prove to her that he really bore no resemblance to Capt. Bower, the photographer, the crazy Frenchman De Ferrières? Or merely for something to say, would he be forced to tell her that he was running away from a conspiracy to defraud her father? Was there ever such folly? Rosey was, "not long," as she had said, but he was beginning to pace the narrow cabin impatiently when the door opened and she returned.

She had resumed her ordinary calico gown, but such was the impression left upon Renshaw's fancy that she seemed to wear it with a new grace. At any other time he might have recognized the change as due to a new corset, which strict veracity compels me to record Rosey had adopted for the first time that morning. Howbeit, her slight coquetry seemed to have passed, for she closed the open trunk with a return of her old listless air, and, sitting on it, rested her elbows on her knees and her oval chin in her hands.

"I wish you would do me a favor," she said, after a reflective pause.

"Let me know what it is and it shall be done," replied Renshaw, quickly.

"If you should come across Monsieur de Ferrières, or hear of him, I wish you would let me know. He was very poorly when he left here, and I should like to know if he is better. He didn't say where he was going; at least, he didn't tell father; but I fancy he and father don't agree."

"I shall be very glad of having even *that* opportunity of making you remember me, Miss Nott," returned Renshaw with a faint smile; "I don't suppose, either, that it would be very difficult to get news of your friend; everybody seems to know him."

"But not as I did," said Rosey, with an abstracted little sigh.

Mr. Renshaw opened his brown eyes upon her. Was he mistaken? Was this romantic girl only a little coquette playing her provincial airs on him? "He and your father didn't agree; that means, I suppose, that *you* and he agreed; and that was the result."

"I don't think father knew anything about it," said Rosey simply.

Mr. Renshaw rose. And this was what he had been waiting to hear! "Perhaps," he said grimly, "you would also like news of the photographer and Captain Bower, or did your father agree with them better?"

"No," said Rosey quietly. She remained silent for a moment, and, lifting her lashes, said: "Father always seemed to agree with *you*, and that ——" She hesitated.

"That's why *you* don't."

"I didn't *say* that," said Rosey, with an incongruous increase of coldness and color. "I only meant to say it was that which makes it seem so hard you should go now."

Notwithstanding his previous determination, Renshaw found himself sitting down again. Confused and pleased, wishing he had said more, or less; he said nothing, and Rosey was forced to continue.

"It's strange, isn't it; but father was urging me this morning to make a visit to some friends at the old ranch. I didn't want to go. I like it much better here."

"But you cannot bury yourself here forever, Miss Nott," said Renshaw with a sudden burst of honest enthusiasm. "Sooner or later you will be forced to go where you will be properly appreciated, where you will be admired and courted, where your slightest wish will be law. Believe me, without flattery, you don't know your own power."

"It don't seem strong enough to keep even the little I like here," said Rosey with a slight glistening of the eyes. "But," she added hastily, "you don't know how much the dear old ship is to me. It's the only home I think I ever had."

"But the ranch?" said Renshaw.

"The ranch seemed to be only the old wagon halted in the road. It was a very little improvement on outdoors," said Rosey with a little shiver. "But this is so cosey and snug, and yet so strange and foreign. Do you know, I think I began to understand why I like it so since you taught me so much about ships and voyages. Before that I only learned from books. Books deceive you, I think, more than people do. Don't you think so?"

She evidently did not notice the quick flush that covered his cheeks and apparently dazzled his eyelids, for she went on confidentially:

"I was thinking of you yesterday. I was sitting by the galley door, looking forward. You remember the first day I saw you when you startled me by coming up out of the hatch?"

"I wish you wouldn't think of that," said Renshaw, with more earnestness than he would have made apparent.

"*I* don't want to either," said Rosey, gravely, "for I've had a strange fancy about it. I saw once, when I was younger, a picture in a print shop in Montgomery street that haunted me. I think it was called 'The Pirate.' There was a number of wicked-looking sailors lying around the deck, and coming out of a hatch was one figure with his hands on the deck and a cutlass in his mouth."

"Thank you," said Renshaw.

"You don't understand. He was horrid-looking, not at all like you. I never thought of *him* when I first saw you, but the other day I thought how dreadful it would have been if some one like him and not like you had come up then. That made me nervous sometimes of being alone. I think father is too. He often goes about stealthily at night, as if he was watching for something."

Renshaw's face grew suddenly dark. Could it be possible that Sleight had always suspected him, and set spies to watch? or was he guilty of some double intrigue?

"He thinks," continued Rosey with a faint smile, "that some one is looking around the ship, and talks of setting bear traps. I hope you're not mad, Mr. Renshaw," she added, suddenly catching sight of his changed expression, "at my foolishness in saying you reminded me of the pirate. I meant nothing."

"I know you're incapable of meaning anything but good to anybody, Miss Nott, perhaps to me more than I deserve," said Renshaw with a sudden burst of feeling. "I wish—I wish—you would do *me* a favor. You asked me one just now." He had taken her hand. It seemed so like a mere illustration of his earnestness, that she did not withdraw it. "Your father tells you everything. If he has any offer to dispose of the ship, will you write to me at once before anything is concluded?" He winced a little—the sentence of Sleight, "What's the figure you and she have settled upon?" flashed across his mind. He scarcely noticed that Rosey had withdrawn her hand coldly.

"Perhaps you had better speak to father, as it is *his* business. Besides, I shall not be here. I shall be at the ranch."

"But you said you didn't want to go?"

"I've changed my mind," said Rosey, listlessly. "I shall go to-night."

She rose as if to indicate that the interview was ended. With an overpowering instinct that his whole future happiness depended on his next act, he made a step toward her with eager outstretched hands. But she slightly lifted her own with a warning gesture. "I hear father coming; you will have a chance to talk *business* with him," she said, and vanished into her stateroom.

(To be Concluded Next Sunday.)

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Recollections of Scotch Men of Letters.

The third volume of Mr. MASON's compilation of biographical reminiscences, now in course of publication by the Scribners under the name of *Personal Traits of British Authors*, is devoted to six more or less distinguished Scotchmen, namely, Scott, Campbell, Hogg, Wilson, Jeffrey, and Chalmers, with whom, somewhat oddly, De Quincey has been coupled. Some recollections of the latter are included in this volume, in order, we are told, that he might not be separated from his friend, "Christopher North." Prof. Wilson was undoubtedly one of the Opium Eater's friends, but so was Coleridge, and on the whole it seems to us that De Quincey would be more naturally bracketed with the Lake poets, of whom he was the self-elected interpreter and panegyrist.

Of the seven names here classed together, only two, those of Scott and Campbell, have a firm hold upon posterity; for although two or three of Hogg's poems may long retain a place in the minor minstrelsy of Scotland, the rugged personality of the "Ettrick Shepherd," that was once so familiar to the readers of *Blackwood*, is fast fading into shadow. As for Chalmers, he has scarcely any claim to figure among British authors, for, as Mr. Mason admits, he was mainly distinguished as an orator and social reformer, and therefore earned a niche, if anywhere, in history, rather than in literature. Then, again, Wilson and Jeffrey are conspicuous examples of the instability of reputations gained by fugitive writings in reviews and magazines. When the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" were reprinted in this country, some thirty years ago, those vagrant, rollicking prolusions from which it has been said you may squeeze Scotch whiskey by the gallon, found, we believe, some readers; but we opine that the experiment will never be repeated, and Kit North can look for only a faint echo of his quondam welcome from the rising generation. We can also recall the time when an American publisher deemed it worth while to collect Jeffrey's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, and the volume could be found, well thumbed, in the libraries of American college and school debating clubs. But nobody would think in these days of recurring to Jeffrey for the substantive value of his thought: much less should we study him for style, though he looked with complacency on his own power of expression, and deemed himself qualified to prune and furbish up Carlyle.

Both of these Scotch essayists will be forgotten long before De Quincey, though the latter is a peculiarly unsatisfactory and even exasperating writer. To peruse one of his papers is like being called away after the first course of a good dinner when you have scanned the bill of fare and have had a sample of the skill of the culinary artist. An essay of De Quincey's is all vestibule; you press forward eagerly to enter the temple, and bump your nose on a blank wall. He tried innumerable flights, but his broken wing refused to carry him; if we except two or three short stories and as many disquisitions, everything he wrote was rambling, fragmentary, scintillative; there was no coherent, straightforward, exhaustive exposition, no prolonged and steady radiance. Yet there are flashes in him that light up many a dark cranny in history and criticism, and it is amazing how much recondite and excursive erudition he had managed to acquire, though probably no man ever was so learned as De Quincey could make himself appear to be.

The chief worth of this volume lies in the hundred pages allotted to Campbell and to Scott. A curious fact about Campbell is that, although he published "The Pleasures of Hope" at twenty-two and "Gertrude of Wyoming" at thirty-two, he should have written nothing afterward in the least comparable with those poems, or, indeed, anything of durable value, although he lived nearly thirty-five years longer. It is also a circumstance which would not be overlooked, should any one try to explore the affinities and map the boundaries of poetry and music, that Campbell is said to have had not the slightest idea of melody. In an anonymous contribution to the *New Monthly Magazine*, published some months after his death, we are informed that "his utmost taste for music amounted to a reminiscence of some jig tune or some local ballad; and in the latter I observed that he dwelt on the words more than the tune." A point of likeness between Campbell and Pope was "a total absence of the passion for the beauties of external nature and the consequent love of a country life." According to P. G. Patmore, the Life of Mrs. Siddons and the Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence were really prepared by an anonymous literary hack, and Campbell's only share in the work was to look over the manuscript, revise the proofs, and permit his name to be placed on the title page. But Cyrus Redding is authority for some facts at variance with this story, so far at least as the Siddons memoir is concerned, which it seems Campbell undertook to write at the request of Mrs. S. Yet Redding himself admits that Campbell, "in his later life, lost much of that self-respect which once ruled his transactions with booksellers, and lent his name or put together works not at all contributing to his reputation." The truth seems to be that for Campbell literary composition was exceptionally laborious and intensely exhausting. He told S. C. Hall that he always considered one verse the ample fruitage of a week. There is a good deal of evidence that in his conversation and social demeanor generally he recalled the weaknesses of Goldsmith, "who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." It is true that Leigh Hunt, who always erred upon the side of charity, protests against this verdict.

Perhaps the most convincing testimony to the habitual geniality and generosity of the attitude of Walter Scott toward his fellow beings is supplied by B. R. Haydon, who had an eye like a gimlet for the defects of other people. "Whatever you praise to Scott," Haydon tells Miss Milford in a letter, "he joins heartily with yourself, and directs your attention to some additional beauty." Edward Cheney also testifies that Scott was "totally free from the morbid egotism of some men of genius, and viewed his own success with a sort of surprise." To the same effect wrote Washington Irving: "I never met with an author so completely void of all the petulance, egotism, and peculiarities of the craft." James Hogg "knew several unsuccessful authors who for years depended upon Scott's bounty for their daily bread." What a picture this is of the mighty Wizard of the North protecting and supporting, instead of chilling and deriding, the stumbling and starving proletariat of literature. One more witness to this rare and princely kind of magnanimity: "No being," affirms William Erskine, "was ever more entirely free than Scott from even the slightest feelings of envy, jealousy, or censoriousness in regard to brother authors."

Mr. Mason quotes from Lockhart an account of the circumstance that first led Scott to equip his chapters with mottoes of his own fabrication. He had happened, it seems, to ask John Ballantyne to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. In spite of patient research, the lines could not be discovered. "Hang it, John," cried Scott, "I believe that I could make a motto sooner than you would find one." He did so then and often afterward, labelling such pretended quotations, as it is well known, "old play" or "old ballad." Some other facts chronicled by Lockhart and reproduced by Mr. Mason indicate that Scott's powers of memory were every whit as marvellous as those of Macaulay. Like Campbell, Scott was noticeably insensible to music. J. C. Young records that "a young lady in the house sang divinely, but her singing gave him no pleasure. He was much too honest to affect to be what he was not: thus he admitted that he had 'a reasonable good ear for a jig,' but confessed that 'solos and sonatas gave him the spleen.'" Yet he liked to hear his daughter play "Charlie is my darling," but this was manifestly from the association of ideas. Another unexpected trait is brought out by C. R. Leslie, namely, that while Scott talked of scenery, as he wrote of it, like a painter, yet for pictures as works of art he had little or no taste, nor did he pretend to any. There was not one picture of sterling merit on his walls. It is hard to reconcile this lack of discrimination with the extraordinary development of the pictorial faculty with which Scott has been credited by so high an authority as Ruskin.

It was in 1819, when he was 48 years old, and five years after the publication of "Waverley," that Scott first employed amanuenses. The greater part of "Ivanhoe," of the "Legend of Montrose," and "The Bride of Lammermoor" was dictated while the author was writhing with acute suffering upon his bed. When his health was firmly reëstablished, he returned and adhered to the old plan of penning everything with his own hand. It is well known that Scott was a very rapid writer, far too rapid, George Eliot thought, to give his great powers of expression fair play. Apropos of his studious and prolonged attempt to preserve the anonymity of the "Waverley Novels," Mr. Mason quotes from Barham's diary a most striking piece of evidence that we do not remember to have seen. It seems that Murray, the publisher, taxed Scott with being the author of "Old Mortality," whereupon Scott "not only denied having written it, but added: 'In order to convince you that I am not the author, I will review the book for you in the *Quarterly*'—which he actually did, and Murray still has the manuscript in his handwriting."

Stormonth's English Dictionary.

The Dictionary of the English Language, compiled by the Rev. JAMES STORMONTH, and reprinted in this country by the Harpers, does not profess to vie as an authority on etymology with the work of Mr. Skeat, for which Americans have also been indebted to the same publishers. But it proposes to determine the correct pronunciation of every word included in its very comprehensive vocabulary, and the compiler was assisted, we are told, by the Rev. P. H. Phelp of Cambridge in the endeavor to indicate the best current English usage. We shall show hereafter by a few examples that, if this claim is well founded, some of us will have to modify our impressions regarding the accepted pronunciation of some familiar words. In the case, on the other hand, of almost every word examined in the course of a necessarily cursory review, we have found the definitions exact and clear, and the list of synonymes, which is almost always appended, unusually full. The utility, however, of exhibiting synonymes on so large a scale in a lexicon, whose prime business is to fix attention on the precise etymological meaning of each word, may be open to some doubt. On the whole, however, the new dictionary is a well-planned and carefully executed work, which has decided merits of its own, and for which there is a place not filled by any of its rivals.

In turning over the pages of Mr. Stormonth's work an American will naturally carry in his mind words which have one meaning and pronunciation in England and another in the United States. We find, as we expected, that the lexicographer prefers to pronounce "trait" *tray*, though he recognizes as permissible the American pronunciation, *trayt*. "Knowledge" he would sound as *nol-edge*, and to our surprise does not admit the alternative *no-ledge*, which is often heard in England among educated persons. We were also not prepared to see him give the preference to *ee-ther* over *i-ther*. Of course he makes "route" *root*, and "depot" *de-pot*, not *day-pot*, as persons whose French is limited to one or two such importations are in the habit of miscalling it. He is quite right, too, in denying any English authority for the meaning "railway station," which the word depot bears in the United States. He insists upon defining it as a place where goods are stored or troops are stationed. Those amusing people who imagine themselves great purists, because they erroneously sound "ate," the preterite of "eat," precisely as it is spelled, will get little comfort from this dictionary. We scarcely need to say that "ate" should be pronounced *et*. Of the two words "lunch" and "luncheon," Mr. Stormonth prefers the former, though we had certainly supposed the latter to be sanctioned by the better English use. We are sorry to see him give a show of warrant to what we have always looked upon as a gross Americanism, namely, the phrase "to fix things." This he does by including among the synonymes of "fix" such words as "arrange" and "adjust." What we had supposed an exclusively American use of the word "baggage" as a synonyme for "luggage" is, we observe, accepted by Mr. Stormonth as good English. He also tolerates the use of "mad" in the sense of "enraged." He justifies, too, the American use of the word "store" for one of his definitions is: "Any shop where a miscellaneous assortment of goods is sold." On the other hand, he does not sanction the usurpation of the term "merchant" by retail tradesmen. Nothing in this dictionary so much amazes us as the recognition of "won't" as a contraction for *will not*, and of "ain't" not only for *am not*, but also for *is not*. Surely "won't" is only allowable as a contraction for *would not*, and the use of "ain't" for *is not* we should deem not merely a vulgarism, but utterly intolerable. All that Mr. Stormonth says upon the point is this: "Ain't, a vulgar contraction for am not, or is not," as if the one signification were as justifiable as the other.

A Novel of the Last Generation.

We are glad to see a new edition of *Wensley and Other Stories*, by EDMUND QUINCY (J. R. Osgood & Co.). The novel which fills the greater part of the volume and gives a title to it was originally published in *Putnam's Magazine* rather more than thirty years ago, but the persons, scenes, and incidents depicted by the author belong to a time at least ten years earlier. In 1853, although Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne, and Poe had done shining work in fiction, they had few promising disciples or successors, the average grade of performance in imaginative literature was low, and story writing, while encouraged by the magazines then extant to the extent of their resources, was a much rarer accomplishment than it is now. In such circumstances the appearance of a tale like "Wensley," the outcome of faithful observation whose embodiment evinced a sincere recognition of artistic models and requirements, was invested with something like the importance of an event.

For more than one reason "Wensley" is worth reading even now. A study of New England life and character in a sequestered and rural part of Massachusetts, it materially helps us to resuscitate a phase of society which still bore many and deep traces of the colonial mould. It belongs to the small class of books (of which "Elsie Venner" is the chief) that could fairly base upon the accuracy of their descriptions a claim to figure among historical documents, even if they lacked the other elements that charm us in a novel. "Wensley," however, is by no means devoid of the interest that results from plot; and the style, on which the author bestowed great pains, is peculiarly winning. Some of the work done by later novelists, who enjoy a much higher reputation than Mr. Quincy's unaffected diffidence permitted him to aim at, is markedly inferior to his one long story in respect of grace, simplicity, and purity of diction.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Over Half of Those Who Speak It Inhabitants of the United States.

The language in which Shakespeare and Milton wrote was the language of but five or six millions of people in their day, and as late as 100 years ago English was spoken by not more than 15,000,000 or 16,000,000 people. At the same period French was the mother tongue of at least 30,000,000, and German, in one or other of its forms, was the language of from 35,000,000 to 40,000,000 people. This state of affairs is now completely reversed. Between forty and fifty years ago the English language equalled the German in the number of those who spoke it, and now the latter is left far behind in the race. German is spoken by 19,000,000 persons in the Austria-Hungarian empire, 46,000,000 in the German empire, 40,000 in Belgium, 2,000,000 in Switzerland, and is the native tongue of some 2,000,000 in the United States and Canada. This gives a total of about 60,000,000 persons who may speak German.

With French the case is much the same, but the gain during the past century has been smaller than that of German. French is now spoken by the 38,000,000 people of France, by 2,250,000 in Belgium, 200,000 in Alsace-Lorraine, 600,000 in Switzerland, 1,500,000 in Canada and the United States, 600,000 in Hayti, and by 1,500,000 in Algiers, India, the West Indies, and Africa; in all about 45,000,000.

English is now spoken by all but some 500,000 of the 37,000,000 persons in the British Islands, by 53,000,000 out of the 56,000,000 inhabitants of the United States, by 4,000,000 persons in Canada, 3,000,000 in Australasia, 1,700,000 persons in the West Indies, and perhaps by 1,000,000 in India and the other British colonies. This brings up the total to 100,000,000, which cannot be very far from the truth.